


Sekai Jumyou to Saigo no Ichinichi (Short Novel)

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(Short novel part for [Sekai Jumyou to Saigo no Ichinichi](#), from the Zetsubousei: Hero Chiryoyaku single. Translations of the other novels can be found [HERE](#).)

One week ago, the end of the world was announced. It was a much too sudden, and cruel announcement.

That day, I had locked myself in my room as usual, and was just leveling up. After stopping at a good place, I took a break to flip through the channels on the TV, and when I did, all of them were broadcasting this news. I honestly thought it was some kind of prank or movie promotion at first, but when the usual newscaster broke down into tears, I thought, “Ahh, so it’s real.”

And then, the following Monday. Everyone in the world was desperately praying. Enthusiastic preachers were gathering followers by shouting, “If you believe, you’ll go to Heaven in the afterlife!” Everyone’s expressions were earnest, crying, yelling, throwing themselves in as if casting money away in a rat hole. I, who had never believed in any god, found the sight of this hilarious. If I were to compare to something, it was like a tragic heroine putting on a pretentious performance.

In the middle of the week, the situation changed again. The country’s big shots stripped in front of the reporters, ranting about things that were banned from being broadcast, and because of that, this country began to lose its ability to function. In all kinds of places, theft, violence, and even rape started to happen. Because it was the end, there were people that were running around rampart, revealing their true natures and satisfying their desires. It was understandable that they were doing this because “it’s the end for us, so this is fitting,” but the point was that they were rioters. Without thinking about how humans are just animals, a scene of agonizing screams spread out.

Even so, I didn’t feel the reality of it at all, and continued to play games at home, all while being exhausted of this painting of “Hell.”

And then, it was finally the last day. On the evening of the day before the end, I had come close to clearing my game. I continued to kill the characters on the screen, and progressed with the game. I’m finally going to clear it! At that exact moment, the electricity suddenly went out, and the screen blacked out.

For the time-being, I held my breath, and as if I had pressed some kind of button, I was thrown out into a city with praying, crying, and yelling all around. The sunset that enveloped the city seemed sadder than it usually was. The world that will end tomorrow, no matter what. I started to feel like I was playing the continuation of a game that no longer existed. This kind of ending wasn’t actually so bad.

And then, as if peoples’ prayers had been answered, the world uneventfully greeted the morning.

“Welcome back.”

The salaryman who walked towards the station seemed happy today, as well.